Of other Bum Scarpe, may it ftill bear the Blame,
Ne'er fhew its bare Face without Sorrow or Shame;
May it ne'er mount on Horfeback, without Lofs of Leather,
Which brings me almoft to the End of my Tether.

Merry about.

And now, leaft fome Critick of deep Penetration,
Shou'd attack our poor Ballad, with grave Annotation;
The Top muft be told, without fpeaking in Riddle,
He muft firft make a better, Merry Bum-Fiddle.

Merry about.

BRITISH MUSEUM 11 MR 69

F I N I S.

(71) To the most Serene and Potent

PRINCESS ANN

OF

SCOTLAND, *England*, *France* and *Ireland* QUEEN.

THE

Humble and Hearty ADDRESS,

OF

A great many of Your Majesties Subjects *Presbyterians*, of the Church of *SCOTLAND*, whose Maxims are knowen to be consistent with Monarchy, Contrary to the false Aspersions of their Enemies.

Illustrious Princess.

With Floods of Tears we cannot but Deplore,
The loss of him who was, but is no more
The Chief Supporter *of the* Common Cause,
The Main Preserver of our wholsome Laws;
The Holder *of* Europa's *Ballance, and*
The Butt *which did* Disporick Power *withstand.*
The Grand Restorer *of our* Liberty.
Religion's Patron, and the Band or Kie,
Which Lock'd or Knit the whole Confederacy.
The Empire's Bulwork, Belgia's *strong Defence,*
The Curber of the Gallick Insolence;
Europa's *Darling and her only Eye,*
The Champion *of the* Church *and* Guarantee,
And great Restorer to her Purity.
The Scourge of Romish Locusts *and Eyesore,*
Of all that do, Rome's Idols *Vile adore:*
The Terror of the Vicious, *and the Stay,*
Of those who do the Sacred Laws *obey.*
The Penitrator *into Close Designs,*
The breaker of Tyranick Pond'rous Chains:
The Guardian Angel *of our* British *Isle,*
(And Europe *too) we justly may him Stile.*
Our Meek Moses, *Conquering* Joshua,
Our Sole Deliverer *from the* Tyrant's, Paw.
Our Valiant David, *our* Wise Solomon,
And Good Josiah, *joined all in one.*
This Matchless Monarch's *Death we must bemoan,*
Yet not as those whose Hopes are lost and gone.
Almighty GOD, *Scarce any time Removes,*
A Blessing *from a Nation that he loves.*
But He Another in its Place doth send,
Which will not fail t'accomplish His great end,
Especially when People do depend
Too much upon a feeble Instrument,
He takes't away, yet worketh His Intent.
Perhaps Europa *did depend too much*
On Britain's King, *and* Hero *of the* Dutch.
No doubt the Grand Disturber *of the Peace*
Did also fear his Wisdom Pow'r *and* Grace.
His Matchless Courage *and his Martial Skill,*
The fame of which the Universe *did fill:*
But he whose ways are far above Man's view,
At pleasure can the wicked all Subdue.
And humble them by many or by few.
And sometimes doth the Proudest Huffs Defate
By means which they dispise. Contemn and Hate,
Abimelech *most Cruelly did kill,*
His Seventy Bretheren, and their Blood did spill.
Upon one Stone, Yet by a Millstone he,
And Womans Hand Contemptibly did Die.
The Tyrant of the Gauls, a Salick Law
Hath made, and thereby doth his Malice Shaw.
And High Contempt 'gainst your most Lovely Sex
For which we hope Your, raised up to Vex.
His Hoary Scalp and bring't down with Disgrace,
And put a period to his Line and Race,
On this we humbly do Congratulate,
Your Highness, hoping this shall be the fate,
Of that Ambitious Monster *which no Bands,*
Divine or Humane *can detain his Hands.*
From Shedding Blood and hell'ring every one,
That he can whit his Bloody Sword upon.
We therefore always shall with Fervour Pray,
That the Great King, *who doth all Scepters Sway,*
Your Majesty *may guide in his own way,*
And 'stablish Your Great Throne *in spite of France,*
And all who would her Hellish Plots *advance,*
As well the mean Pretender to your Crown.
As those abroad or here who do him own.
And with our Blood and means shall still Defend,
Your Right *and* Title *to the Worlds End,*
For which alone we on God's Grace Depend.
Your Majestie's *most Gracious Declaration:*
In Council, gives great hopes to all this Nation,
And Your brave Speeches to the Parliament,
Transports our Hearts and gives us full Content.
And nothing doubting of Your Royal word,
We Trust kind Heav'n will Strengthen Your Just Sword.
To take Just Vengance on the Gallick *King,*
And his ag'd head down like Abemelich's *bring.*
Ev'n by a Female hand, that wicked he
Contemptible to Ages all may be.